FAVOURITE

HYMNS

SELECTED FROM THE

SHEFFIELD & NOTTINGHAM

COLLECTION.

By W. PALMER.

London.

PRINTED BY H. FRY, FINSBURY-PLACE
FINSBURY-SQUARE.

1800.

HYMNS.

HYMN I.

THE LORD OF THE HILL.

BELIEVER attend, whoever thou art:
And join with a friend in gladneſs of heart:
Then let us endeavour with joy and good will,
Tô praiſe now and ever the Lord of the Hill.

The hill that we climb is craggy and high,
And ſhort is the time and dangers are nigh:
But Chriſt with his favours will comfort us ſtill,
Our deareſt Redeemer is Lord of the Hill.

Tho' thouſands array'd againſt us appear,
We are not afraid for Jeſus is near:
A while they may grieve us, but never can kill,
For he who will ſave us is Lord of the Hill.

When Satan has ſpread a ſnare for our feet,
And low we are laid and caught in his net,
Then who to releaſe us has favour or ſkill,
None, none, but dear Jeſus, the Lord of the Hill.

Where

BRITISH MUSEUM

Where now we abide the land is quite dry,
But we are ſupply'd with ſtreams from on
high;
Our ſtrength is ſuſtain'd by a life giving rill,
The ſpring is maintain'd by the Lord of the
Hill.

'Ere long we ſhall feaſt, and in the mean while;
He'll give us a taſte, a look or a ſmile:
But joys without meaſure our ſpirits ſhall fill,
When ſafe with our treaſure the Lord of the
Hill.

HYMN II.

BEFORE SERMON.

COME thou Soul transforming Spirit,
Bleſs the ſower and the ſeed:
Let each heart thy Grace inherit,
Raiſe the weak, the hungry feed,
From the Goſpel
Now ſupply thy people's need.

Now the gracious word invites them
To partake the precious feaſt;
Let thy Spirit ſweetly draw them,
Ev'ry Soul be Jeſu's Gueſt;
O! receive us
Let us find thy Holy reſt.

Help us all to aſk the bleſſing
Which thou waiteſt *now* to give;
May we all thy love poſſeſſing,
Joyfully the truth receive.
And for ever
To thy praiſe and Glory live.

HYMN III.

DISMISSION.

LORD diſmiſs us with thy bleſſing,
Fill our hearts with Joy and Peace;
Let us each thy Love poſſeſſing
Triumph in Redeeming Grace,
O! refreſh us
Trav'ling thro' this wilderneſs.

That whene'er the ſignal's given,
Us from earth to call away;
Born on Angels' wings to Heav'n,
Glad the ſummons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Chriſt in endleſs day.

HYMN IV.

REMEMBER ME!

GREAT Source from whom all bleſſings flow,
To thee for help I flee:
In all my complicated woe,
O Lord! remember me.

When

When with a broken, contrite heart,
I lift mine eyes to Thee,
Thy name proclaim, thyſelf impart;
In love remember me.

If I, for thy dear, ſacred name,
Reproach'd and ſlander'd be;
I'll glory in reproach and ſhame,
If thou remember me.

And when I tread the vale of death,
And bow at thy decree,
Saviour, with my laſt fault'ring breath,
I'll cry, remember me.

HYMN V.

DISMISSION.

LORD diſmiſs us with thy bleſſing,
Bid us all depart in peace,
Still on Goſpel manna feed us,
Pure ſeraphic joys increaſe;

Fill our hearts with conſolation,
Unto thee our voices raiſe;
When we reach thy bliſsful ſtation,
Then we'll give thee nobler praiſe.

And ſing Hallelujah to God, and the Lamb, for ever and ever.—*Amen.*

HYMN

HYMN VI.

THE METHODIST PARTING.

By Mr. W. E. Miller.

OUR ſouls by love together knit,
Cemented mix in one;
One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,
'Tis heav'n on earth begun:
Our hearts have burn'd while Jeſus ſpake,
And glow'd with ſacred fire;
He ſtop'd and talk'd, and fed and bleſs'd,
And fill'd the enlarged deſire.

CHORUS.

A Saviour! let creation ſing!
A Saviour! let all heav'n ring!
He's God with *us*, we feel him *ours*,
His fullneſs in our ſouls he pours,--
'Tis almoſt done,—'tis almoſt o'er,
We're joining them who're gone before,
We then ſhall meet to part no more.

We're Soldiers fighting for our GOD,
Let trembling cowards fly,—
We'll ſtand unſhaken firm and fix'd
With CHRIST to *live* and *die!*
Let Devils rage,—and Hell aſſail,—
We'll cut our paſſage through,
Let foes unite,—and friends deſert,
We'll ſeize the Crown our due.
A Saviour, &c.

The

The little Cloud increaſes ſtill,
The Heav'ns are big with rain :
We haſte to catch the teeming ſhower,
And all its moiſture drain :
A rill, a ſtream, a *Torrent* flows,
But *pour* the MIGHTY FLOOD ;
O! ſweep the nations,—ſhake the earth ;
'Till *all* proclaim THEE GOD!
A Saviour, &c.

And when thou mak'ſt thy jewels up,
And ſets thy ſtarry Crown;
When all thy ſparkling gems ſhall ſhine,
Proclaim'd by thee thine own,
May we,—we little band of love,
Be Sinners ſav'd by grace,
From glory into glory chang'd,
Behold THEE FACE to FACE!
A Saviour, &c.

HYMN VII.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

VITAL ſpark of heav'nly flame,
Quit, O! quit this mortal frame,
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
O! the pain,—the bliſs of Dying!
Ceaſe fond nature, ceaſe thy ſtrife,
And let me languiſh into life.

Hark!

Hark! they whiſper, angels ſay,
"Siſter Spirit come away."
What is this, abſorbs me quite,
Steals my ſenſes, ſhuts my ſight,
Drowns my ſpirits, draws my breath,
Tell me my ſoul, can this be death?

The world recedes, it diſappears,
Heav'n opens on mine eyes, mine ears
With ſounds ſeraphic ring!
Lend, lend your wings, I mount, I fly!
O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy ſting?

FINIS.

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